Fables of Ophelia; or, Wunst Upon a Time



By Clare Victor Dwiggins

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MOTHER CUT IT , ELTHER -

SHE LOOKS WORSER THAN THE CHRYSANTHE MUM, DONT SHE

AND IT GROWED AND GROWED GROWED AND GROWED AND GROWED ---



AND ONE DAY AN OLD COW COME ALONG AND THOUGHT SHE WAS A HAYSTACK AND ET HERUP!



Human and Delightful;

sensitive portrayal of

the first to reverse the

To add to the strain.

Splendid. BY CHARLES DARNTON.

What would you make the workmen!" What would you make of a man who said that? C. Haddon Chambers has made him the most interesting character in "Passers-By," which came to the Criterion Theatre like a blessing last night, while Ernest Lawford has so completely realized the author's conception that this really incidental character is practically the whole play. To see "Passers-By" is to remember Samuel Burns and to delight in a piece of acting that should carry Mr. Lawford's fame from the beginning of the box office line to the end

"Fassers-By"

Ernest Lawford

Many who would never dream of casting a slance or a word, much less a dime, at the derelicts who hug the shadows of Fourth avenue, took uncommon delight last night in the company of this stray dog from the London Embankment. And well they might, for here was no common derelict, no ordinary tramp. Me was in a class by himself, superior to obligation, unconscious of duty, an utter stranger to work. Life had left him out of its busy scheme. Futility was field-and he stood his ground like a soldier of misfortune. He asked no questions, he left that to others.

Probabilities seemed a br. strained when a more or less gilded youth. Peter Waverton, returned to his rooms in Piccadilly to find his man Pine entertaining a cabman, and after bringing hospitalities to an abrupt close sent his valet out to fetch an unusually sorry-looking passer-by and to call back "Nighty," the cabman. But nothing mattered after the arrival of the strange Samuel, with his stranger philosophy. From that moment Mr. Lawford had the play in his hard;

the vague, queer creature who accepted his lot without question brought "Passers-By" safely through Deep down in his author's sou! Mr. Chambers may feel, as others are bound to do, that his hero and heroine, with their drama, are of mnall importance compared the valet and their tter struggle. The except for its two acts, is dealing governess and her child who turn up after six cars. The long arm of coinciful wrench when the woman who com s in out of the fog proves to be Peter's long-lost love, Margaret, We've heard of people beir/ lost in a London fog. but Mr Chambers is

process and have to Encorre ERNEST LAWFORD AND MASTER DAVIS IN "PASSERS-BY."

Margaret is one of those dire, old-fashioned heroines who is tearfully grateful to the man that has caused all her troubles.

But, thanks both to Mr. Chambers and to Mr. Lawford, simple Samuel is joy. It remained, of course, for the actor who proved himself a consummate artist to give the character a high, quavering, empty voice and the furtive manner of a starved, dumb creature. There was nothing more to say, when samuel, surprised at Peter's query as to work, said: "Work, mister? Work's for wokrmen!" But what he did, he did thoroughly. He ate his host's chicken thoug; he were there for that purpose, and this accomplished he stared in clience, then picked up his hat and started to go.

A more detached character has never been written into a play. To ask his name was an impertinence—other people had always said, "'Ere, man!" He was so unused to anything like conversation that when Peter spoke to him, he would inquire, "Me, mister?" He had the mind of a child-"arrested de-"elopment," as the vulet superiorly explained. But he had the heard of a man, and when it was removed, after an accident had caused him to return to Peter's rooms at 5 in the morning, for all the world like a sick dog, he became shrill with indignation. He had insisted that he "could do with a cup of coffee," and he was equally certain afterward that he could have done without a shave and

The one touch needed to complete the character was given when Samuel won the friendship of Margaret's boy with a smile, and then, stung by the valet's remark that he was not the sort to "go" once he had found comfortable quarters, ran off with the willing youngster to "go rabbit-hunting."

The last act, with the tearful mother anxiously awaiting the return of her child, was rather harrowing, but the sloom was lightened by the refreshing performance of Miss Rosalic Toiler as the sensible, generous girl who was ready o give up Peter to Margaret. Miss Louise Rutter, who looked in very good health even when the fog was at its thickest, made Margaret uninteresting, and Richard Bennett lacked finish as Peter, though he played his first scene with the child very well indeed. The trouble with Mr. Bennett is that he doesn't fit into an English background. Julian Royce carries off second honors as the valet, giving a performance that was a triumph of reserve and thwarted designs. The part of "Nighty" fairly cried for Fred Thorns, who made the tramp in "A Messace from Mars" a thing to be remembered, but it must be confeesed that A. G. Andrews was more than satisfactory as the cabman. Miss Ivy Hertzog save distinction to the role of Lady Hurley, and Master Davis, or Master Smith-I don't know which-was a very good little boy.

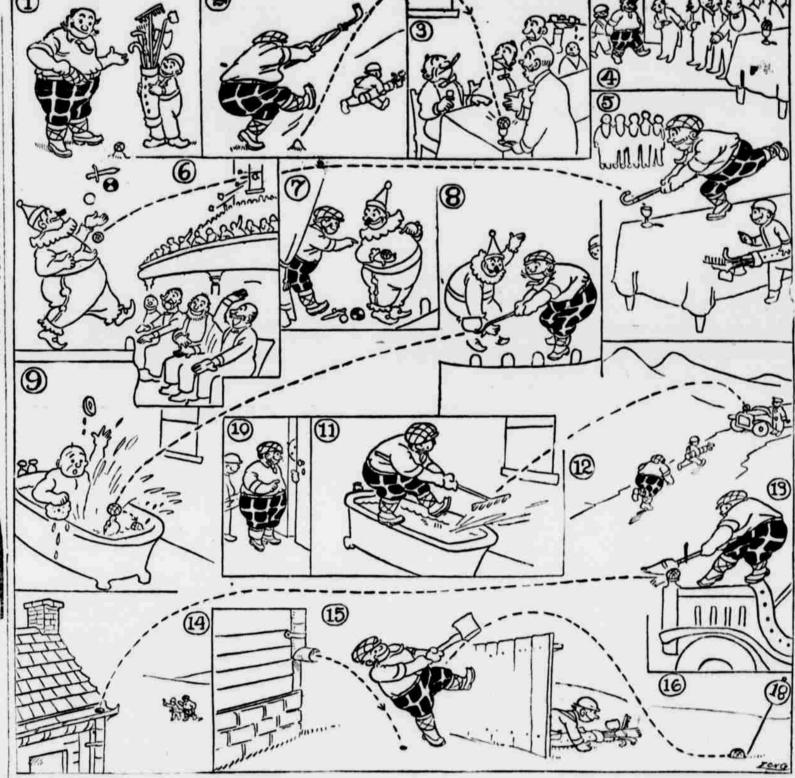
The play scored the first real success of the reason. Here at last is some thing worth going to the theatre for-something intensely human, delightfully amusing, and really interesting. Don't let 'Passers-By" get away,

"Oh, yes!" happily answers the womta. "I got an absolute separation, with "I think he wants to get rid of us."

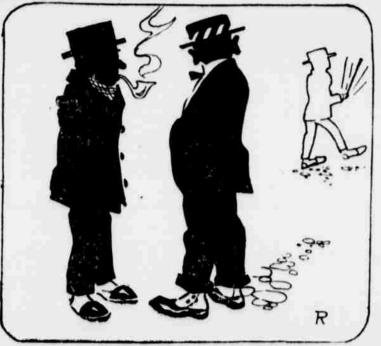
"So you won your divorce suit?" aska "Henry, the landlord says he's going

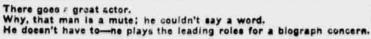
"I'll never pay it." alimony, and the court awarded me the "Does he? Then, of course, I'll pay custody of the dog, too."-Life. "Life leveland Plain Decise."

New Plans Golf Lies of Dimple Duncan * F. Tong THE LADY HIGHER UP.



In Silhouetteville By Joe Ryan







Hasn't the Count the cutest little head? Yes; It just matches his brain.

"Since you got married you are late every morning," complained the best "Well," explained the breathless cierk, "I have to button up the ashers and shake down a shirt waist and carry out she furnace every morning,"—Louisville to furnace every morning, and the worst of it was that the worst of it was not his corner, "But for the Governant of society news clear through without the worst of it was that the worst of it was the worst of it was that the worst of it was the worst of it was that the worst of it was the worst of it was the worst of it was that the worst of it was the worst of it with trout the botton up the she was garden this stends. Or plate or form, or plate of which the worst of with the worst of with the worst of with the worst of which the worst of which the town in the thet the worst of with the worst or

A Wireless Chat Between Miss Diana of the Tower and Mrs. Liberty.

BY O. HENRY.

EW YORK CITY, they said. was descried; and that ac-counted, doubtless, for the sounds carrying so far in the "Tis fine ye have it up there in cobreeze was so th-by-southwest; the breeze was so th-by-southwest; the show and the horse show and the multary tournaments where the privates

But to "enlighten" the world (as our loosened up to

of New York. 'Tis that I've been doing night and day since I was erected,
Ye must know, Miss Dians, that tis
with statues the same as with people—
"Woman's Work Is"— not their makers with which they become associations with which they become associated, I'm telling ye."

"You're dead right," agreed Diana.

"I notice it on myself. If any of the old guys from Olympus were to come along and hand me any hot air in the ancient Greek I couldn't tell it from a conversation between a Consy Island car conductor and a five-cent fare."

To draw the tea, Or bake the bed, Or ply the broom, Or dust the room, Or knives to rub, Or knives to rub, Or knives to rub, Or table set, with attatues the same as with people'tle not their makers nor the purposes
for which they were created that influence the operations of their tongues
at all-it's the associations with which

"Men work from morn till set of sun."

and car conductor and a five-cent fare."

"I'm right glad ye've made up your mind to be sociable, Miss Diana," said Mrs. Liberty. "The a lonesome life I have down here. Is there anything doin up in the city, Miss Diana, dear?"

"Oh, la, la, la!—no," said Diana. "Notice that la, la, 'Aunt Liberty? Got that from Paris by Night' on the roof garden under me. You'll hear that Ta, la, la' at the Cafe McCann now, along with gar-aong. The Bohemian croad there have become tired of garsong since o'hafferty, the head waiter, enoughed three of them for calling him song since O hafferty, the head waiter, punched three of them for calling him it.

"Oh, no: the town's strickly on the

"That was the best thing

sounds carrying so far in the tranquil summer air. The breeze was so the by-southwest; the hour was midnik, it; the theme was a tof featining gossip by wiscless mythology. Three hundred and sixty-five feet above the 1 and apphal the tiptoching symbolic deity on Manhattan pointed her vaciliating arrow straight, for the time, in the direction of her exaited sister on Liberty Island.

The lights of the great Garden were duit; the henches in the Square were filled with alsopers in postures so strangs that beside them the writhing figures in Dore's illustrations of the inferno would have straightened into tailors' dummies.

The statue of Diana on the tower of the Garden—tie constancy shown by its acathercook ways, its innocence by the coating of gold that it has acquired, its devotion to style by its single, graceful riying searf, its candor and articances by its habit of ever drawing the long bow, its metropolitanism by its posture of swift flight to eaten a Hariem trangement of swift flight to eaten a Hariem trangement of swift flight to eaten a Hariem tranger acts. The translators, too, prepared to other lands, neaward this had, gased and the furrows between steamnant lines began to other cast-ironeal welcome to the oppressed of other lands.

But to "enlighten" the world" cas her creator christened her) would have had a no more responsible duty, except for the size of it, than that of an electrician or a Standard Oil 1 argnats.

But to "enlighten" the world (as our learned divic guardians "Englished" it; in the west—I should think that requires abler qualities. And so poor its constance with the syles; but they're coming my way as stranger abler qualities. And so poor its condition have also desired the size of it, than that of an electrician or as strangard Oil 1 argnats.

But to "enlighten" the world (as our learned divic guardians "Englished" it! is in the West—I should think that requires abler qualities. And so poor its condition have called the private of the case of the same divic guardians "Englished" it!

a Standard Oil i agnate.

But to "enlighten" the world (as our learned civic guardians "Englished" it! requires abler qualitiea. And so poor Liberty, instead of having a sinecure as a mere flummator, must be converted into a Chautaqua schoodmatron, with the oceans for her field tastesd of the placid, classic lake. With a fireess torch and an empty head must she dispel the shadows of the world and teach it its A B Cs.

"Ah, there, Mrs. Liberty!" called a clear, rollicking soprano voice through the still, midnight air.

"Is that you, Miss Diana? Excuse my not turning my head. I'm not as flighty and whirly-whirly as some. And 'its so hoarse I am I can hardly talk on account of the peanut huils left on the stairs is me throat by the last boatload of tourists from Marietta, Ohio. "Its efter being a fine evening, miss."

"If you don't mind my asking," came the bell like tones of the golden statue. "I'd like to know where you got that Liberty was necessarily Irish."

"If ye'd studied the history of art in its foreign complications yed not need to ask," replied the offshore statue. "If ye wasn't so light-headed and stilly ye'd know that I was made by a Dago and presented to the American people on behalf of the French Government for the purpose of welcomin Irish immigrants into the Dutch dity of New York. 'Tis that I've been doing night and day since I was ercoted, Ye must know, Mass Diana, that its

Or knives to rub, Or table set, Or meals to get, Or shelves to scan, Or full to can.
Or seeds to sow.
Or plants to grow.
Or linens bleach.
Or lessons teach.
Or butter churn.
Or jackets turn.
Or plants to grow.
Or butter churn.
Or jackets turn.
Or politis riam.